

Life



SEPTEMBER 27, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS

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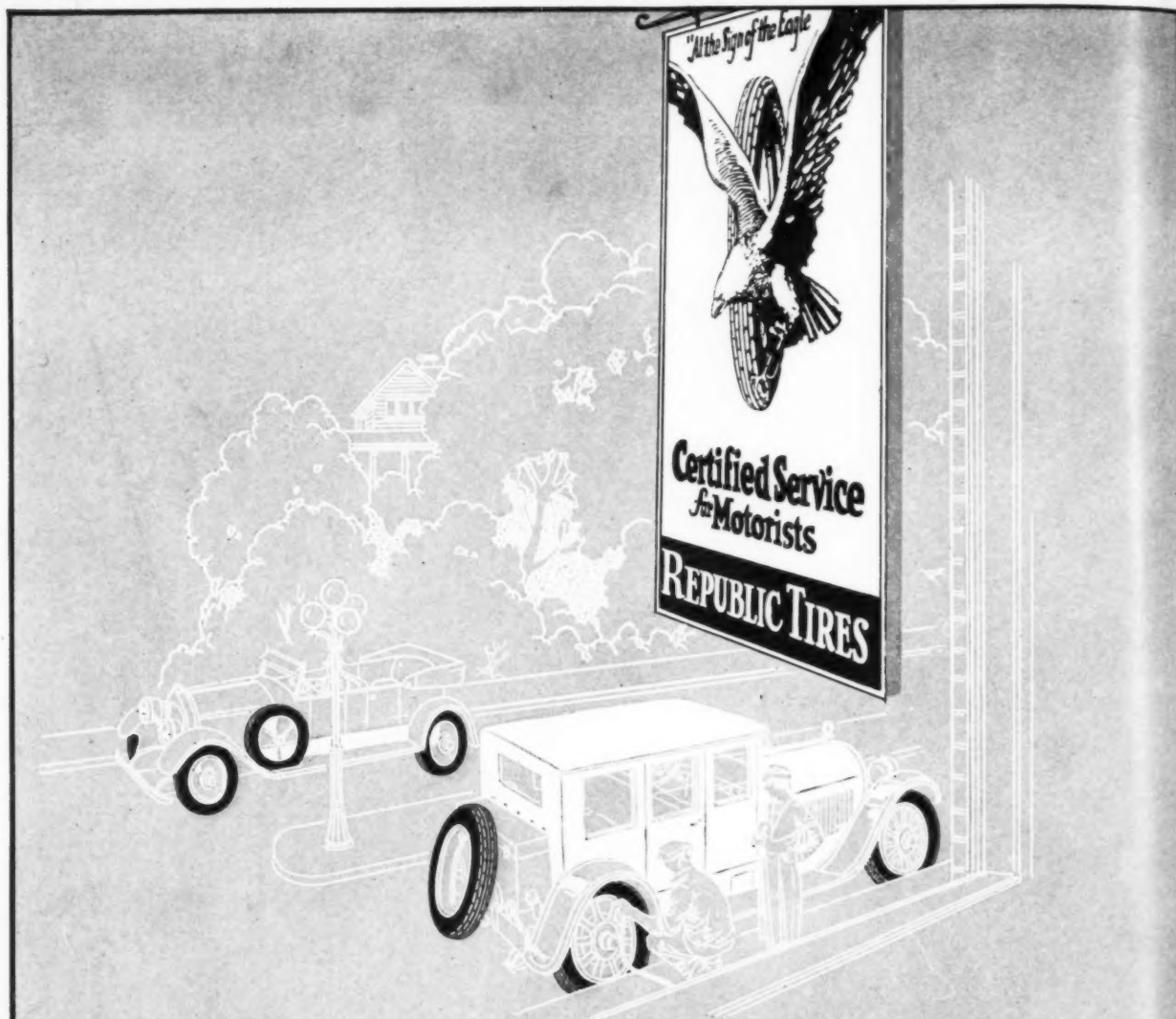
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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



DEALERS WHO DISPLAY THIS SIGN ARE DEPENDABLE

MOTORING takes on an added delight when you equip with Republic Tires. The knowledge that for long wear, resiliency, anti-skid protection and economy they have no rivals, brings a wonderful sense of security to your driving.

But this is by no means the whole story of Republic. There is another chapter and an important one. It has to do with Republic's nation-wide Certified Tire Service.

So carefully has this organization

of picked retail tire men been built, so scrupulously have they upheld its high standards, that now, wherever you go, the Sign of the Eagle is known as the sign of efficiency, dependability, and courtesy.

Here then, is the formula for motoring free-from-tire-trouble. Drive Republics, the silent, jet-black Prodim Processed tires, and bid tire worry good-bye. Stop at the Sign of the Eagle. It marks a tire man worth knowing and worth dealing with.

REPUBLIC TIRES

WITH SILENT NON-SKID STAGGARD STUDS

Are You a Babbitt?

Do Intelligent and Sophisticated People Laugh at You When You Leave? Do they Repeat Your Crudities and Smile Knowingly? Are You Barred from the Company of the Cultured Because Intellectually You Are a Main Streeter?

BY E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

Editor of World Famous Pocket Series

Self-criticism is the beginning of a mental awakening. You should take inventory, even though it hurts. Is your conversation limited to sport, shop talk, the weather and the latest divorce scandal? Are you embarrassed in the presence of developed and mature minds? Ask yourself why you are suspicious of serious ideas, why you dismiss new viewpoints with the envious sneer of "highbrow." Ask yourself why you cannot talk interestingly in the company of alert men and women.

Analyze your mind and you will find that you cannot command a respectful hearing among the better elements because mentally you are lazy. You haven't been reading good books. You haven't shown genuine knowledge of the best fiction of masters like De Maupassant and Balzac. You know little or nothing about great men like Napoleon, Lincoln, Nietzsche, Darwin, Voltaire, Ibsen, Shaw, Wells

and Wilde. You have no sound opinion to express about evolution, philosophy, history, the drama. And yet, intelligent and interesting people are superior to you merely because they read great books—read in their spare moments—the moments you waste—the moments lost in waiting for trains, in riding on cars, in waiting in offices—hours and hours wasted each week which would make you the equal of magnetic and compelling men and women.

If you are not reading good books you are shutting the door on your own face. Such a person is called a Babbitt. A Babbitt is an uninteresting person with a small, uninteresting mind, who is attracted to small, uninteresting things and who indulges in small, uninteresting chatter. You should ask yourself, "Am I a Babbitt, and if I am how can I escape the social stigma of Babbittity?"

There is an escape, and it is a simple and inexpensive one. You must read books, and you must begin NOW, before

your mind becomes hopelessly petrified. I have dedicated my life to the work of bringing culture to the people. That I have been successful is shown by the expressions from the press, pulpit and university. In the words of the Baltimore Sun: "That individual, E. Haldeman-Julius, is doing more to educate the country than any ten universities put together." This refers to the amazing distribution I have given good literature through the world famous Pocket Series—the little blue books that are seen everywhere.

I have edited hundreds and hundreds of books, and I have sold 40,000,000 of them in the past four years. So I feel I have earned the right to serve the public as a guide to better things. I have gone through hundreds of books and chosen 45 volumes which will open the door to comradeship with keen and distinguished personalities. I call this collection "The Self-Development Library," and the price is so amazingly low as to put it within the reach of everyone.

Here Are the 45 Books Which Will Send You on the Road to Culture

FICTION—It is important to be in touch with only the very best. Therefore I have included the following volumes: 1. *Madeleine*. 2. *The Tallow Ball*. 3. *Six Short Stories*. (All three volumes by De Maupassant.) 4. *Balzac's Short Stories*. 5. *The Man Who Was, etc.*, Kipling. 6. *One of Cleopatra's Nights*. Gautier. 7. *Tolstol's Short Stories*. 8. *The Country of the Blind*. H. G. Wells. I also include one volume of **DRAMA**. (9) entitled "Ghosts," by Henrik Ibsen.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—Here is a most vital subject. You must not neglect this field. It represents the best to be had. The volumes are as follows: 10. *Life of Napoleon*. 11. *Tragic Story of Oscar Wilde's Life*. Finger. 12. *Life of Lincoln*. Bowers. 13. *Voltaire*. Victor Hugo. 14. *Lost Civilizations*. Finger. 15. *Life of Shakespeare and an Analysis of His Plays*.

HUMOR—As we must avoid pedantry, as we must not be dry-as-dust, let us always develop our sense of humor. Humor is the possession of the brilliant and the civilized. Therefore the following volumes: 16. *The Jumping Frog and Other Humorous Tales*. Mark Twain. 17. *Eight Humorous Sketches*. Mark Twain. 18. *Epigrams of Oscar Wilde*. 19. *Epigrams of Wit, Wisdom and Wickedness*. 20. *Epigrams of Bernard Shaw*. 21. *Maxims of Napoleon*. 22. *What Great Men Have Said About Women*.

LITERATURE—The need for good books under this heading is self-evident. Therefore I have included the following volumes: 23. *Thoughts on Nature*. Thoreau. 24. *Love Letters of Men and Women of Genius*. 25. *An Essay on Love*. Montaigne. 26. *Tolstol's Essays*. 27. *On Reading*. Brandes. 28. *A Liberal Education*. Huxley. 29. *Gems from Emerson*.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION—This is of tremendous significance. The following volumes are absolutely essential: 30. *A Guide to Plato*. 31. *Plato's Republic*. 32. *Discovery of the Future*. H. G. Wells. 33. *The Wisdom of Ingersoll*. 34. *The Idea of God in Nature*. John Stuart Mill. 35. *Life and Character*. Goethe. 36. *Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For*. 37. *The Chinese Philosophy of Life*. 38. *Thoughts of Pascal*.

SCIENCE—This needs no argument. The modern man must know science. Therefore: 39. *Auto-Suggestion, How It Works*. William J. Fielding. 40. *Introduction to Einstein*. 41. *A History of Evolution*. 42. *The Building of the Earth*. 43. *The Origin of the Human Race*. 44. *Reflections on Modern Science*. Huxley. 45. *Psycho-Analysis—the Key to Human Understanding*. Fielding.

45 Books---3,412 Pages---Only \$2.48---Send No Money

By bringing these books to the people (and setting the price ridiculously low) I am doing something constructive. There has been too much destructive criticism. Here is a beginning that can do nothing but good, if those who want to leave the mental rut will do their share.

If these 45 books were issued in the ordinary way they might cost you as much as a hundred dollars. We have decided to issue them so you can get all of them for the price of one ordinary book. Here are 45 books, 3½x5 inches in size, bound securely in card cover stock.

You can take these 45 books with you when you go to and from work. You can

read them in your spare moments. You can slip four or five of them into a pocket and they will not bulge. You can investigate the best and the soundest ideas of the world's greatest masters—and the price will be so low as to astonish you. The price is only \$2.48 for the entire library. Here is the very best at the very least. Never were such great works offered at so low a price. All you have to do is to sign your name and address on the blank below. You don't have to send any money. Just mail us the blank and we will send you the 45 volumes described on this page—you will pay the postman \$2.48. And the books are yours.

If you want to send cash with your order remit \$2.48.

SEND NO MONEY BLANK.

Haldeman-Julius Company,
Dept. A-107, Girard, Kans.

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refinements, but very definite qualities quickly discernible.

It is not just a generalization but a fact, that in comfort, acceleration, flexibility, brake-action, steering and ease of control, the Single-Eight has gone far

beyond previous practice.

The instant and enthusiastic acceptance of these facts renders it certain that the Single-Eight will dominate its own particular field just as unmistakably as does its companion car—the Packard Single-Six.

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Packard Single-Six, \$2485 to \$3575—at Detroit*

Life



"WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?"
"I THINK THAT'S ABOUT AS LONG AS IT LASTS."



Golf Bug: HANG IT 'ALL, MAN, YOUR BALL'S IN THE CUP. YOU'VE HOLED IN ONE!

Proud Novice: TUSH! GIVE ME A GOOD DAY AND I'LL BEAT THAT.

Letters That Ought to Be Written

To a Busy Business Man.

SIR:

I have your letter of the 3rd inst., and even date, and note both the rubber-stamp signature and the footnote, "Dictated but not read." I am returning it to you marked, as you see, "Opened but not read."

Yrs., etc.,—

To a Real Estate Dealer.

DEAR, I MIGHT SAY EXORBITANT, SIR:

I wish to call your attention to one of your bright young men who escorted me over your "Marsh Manor" development at low tide last Saturday. Pardon my saying so, but he should be in the professional athletic game. From the atoll upon which we stood he assured me that the railroad, ocean, trolley, church, high school, and village were all within a stone's-throw of our position. If he can throw stones that far, think what world's records he might shatter throwing the hammer, or putting the shot!

Yours for Sport's sake,—

To a Firm of Plumbers.

GENTLEMEN, IF I MAY USE THE TERM:

Thank you so much for sending in that last bill—it's a yell! I don't know when I've laughed so, as over the idea of one of your men working 5½ hours to put on a washer. And the "helper"; that nearly killed me. How *did* you ever think it up? Honestly, it's as good as a play.

However, funny as you are in asking me for a settlement, it will be even funnier to see you try to get it. He who laughs last....

Your disobedient servant,

A. C. M. A., Jr.

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

ONCE upon a time a New York City Mouse went to visit his Cousin in the Country. He had Milk to drink fresh from the Cow, Cheese right out of the Dairy, Bread that came warm from the Oven and Pies made of Fruit plucked from the Orchard. And just because there were no Electric Signs, no Subways, no Noisy Mobs of People and no Drug Stores, the City Mouse told all his friends that his Cousins were the biggest Hicks and Rubes in the World when he returned to his Hole in the Wall in the City.

Moral

New Yorkers are so used to Canned Food and Noise that they have lost all taste for Fresh Food and Peace.

Priority

LITTLE GIRL (to brother): If you really want to go out and play, you should get down on your knees and ask God to make it stop raining.

Boy: No, you ask him. I don't know him very well.



Snappy Turtle: OH, COME, DORA, BE SOCIABLE!

Broadening Mt. Pleasant

THE broadening influence of travel is an axiom. Even here in Mt. Pleasant that is recognized. For a little town in eastern Oregon its citizens manage to get about quite a bit. And when they return it is to share their experiences with Mt. Pleasant.

The Mt. Pleasant *Clarion* of August fifteenth, and later dates, is witness of that. Here is a society note from that issue: "Edward Berry has just returned from a three-day visit to Denver, Col. The Western Merchants' Convention was the primary object of his trip, but Ed. also informed a representative of the *Clarion* that he had picked up many pointers on golf as it is played in the East. 'And,' added Mr. Berry, 'Denver may be all right for some, but Mt. Pleasant is good enough for me.'"

Farther along: "Mrs. Theodore Riddle is home from New York, N. Y., where, for six weeks, she has been studying voice culture with all the best masters. She has increased her extensive repertoire by '*Je Suis Titania*' from '*Mignon*,' and '*I Hear You Calling Me*.' 'New York shops are wonderful,' she admitted, 'but it's hard to beat the Mt. Pleasant Emporium for good values.'"

At the bottom of the column a note explained that Mrs. Amanda Jones was back from Washington, where she had been a delegate to the convention of the L. F. S. of A. D. M., and where she had seen the President of the United States and had shaken his hand.

For the broadening influence it is necessary only to dip into subsequent issues of the *Clarion*, and note how the ripples spread until they completely filled the quiet pool of Mt. Pleasant's civic existence.

On August twentieth the *Clarion* reported that Mrs. Amanda Jones had told the Green Grove Parent-Teachers' Association how it felt to meet the President, and shake his hand.

The same evening, it was noted that at the Elks Lodge Edward Berry, lately back from Denver, had explained some trick golf shots he had picked up in the East. "But Mt. Pleasant's good enough for me," Mr. Berry had added.

Two nights later, at the Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Theodore Riddle sang "*Je*



NOCTURNE IN A BOARDING HOUSE
"BEANPOLE, WHY DO YOU SING IN THE BATH?"
"THE DOOR WON'T LOCK."

Suis Titania," with "I Hear You Calling Me" as an encore; and the ladies heard with pride that New York shops were not a bit better than the Mt. Pleasant Emporium for good, sound values.

The Neighborhood Club, on August twenty-second, thrilled to hear Mrs. Amanda Jones tell how it felt to shake the hand of a President of the United States.

August 25—"The Rotary Club was told by Edward Berry, the local merchant: 'Denver may be all right for some, but Mt. Pleasant is good enough for me.'"

August 30—"The program for the social session of the Eastern Oregon Sunday School Convention will include, 'How It Feels to Meet the President,' by Mrs. Amanda Jones; 'Golf Stunts in the East,' by Edward Berry; and the Polonaise from '*Mignon*,' '*Je Suis Titania*,' sung by Mrs. Theodore Riddle."

Alfred Harding.

The Uplifter

PALLID and thin,
'Midst clatter and din,
He dwells on the wages of syn-
thetic gin.

For Health Hunters

AMPRESSED by Coué's cures, I have hit upon a plan
To improve his simple system for the benefit of man.
For his *modus operandi* is an abstract mental feat,

Whereas effective fancy should be strikingly concrete.
For ills (obnoxious word!)

Prey on man and beast and bird,
Hence a curative comparison is readily inferred.

For instance, if you're suffering with chills from nose to knees,
Just imagine if a swordfish caught the flue and had to sneeze!

He might cut himself in two,
Which would really never do!

Or if ingrown hair should irritate and capillaries mix,
Consider a poor porcupine in that kind of a fix!

Why, he'd prick himself to bits
After fifty-seven fits!

Or supposing that a home-brew bloom illuminates your nose,

Would an elephant strut proudly with a trunk of robust rose?

Or if your neck is naughty and its stiffness you can't check,

Contemplate the sad sea serpent who is nothing else but neck!

For the jungle-fed giraffe,
It would not be to laugh!

If hysteria's your weakness like the witches in "Macbeth,"
Would hysterical hyenas quickly laugh themselves to death?

If your corpulence increases at a rate extremely high,
Consider the same sorrow in the hippopotami!

Should you find your color fading, your affliction's not the worst;

Just imagine if the zebra should be similarly cursed!
Should your elbows be rheumatic and you think it dangerous,

Then what panic must bewilder a rheumatic octopus!

Such examples by the ream

Can illustrate the theme

Of curative comparison improving Coué's scheme.

But, concluding, let me say,

The uncopyrighted way

To happiness, is simply: Earn and eat three "squares" a day!

J. B. K.

Why He Left Home

SYMPATHETIC LADY: You poor man, you must have seen better days. Tell me why you have no home.

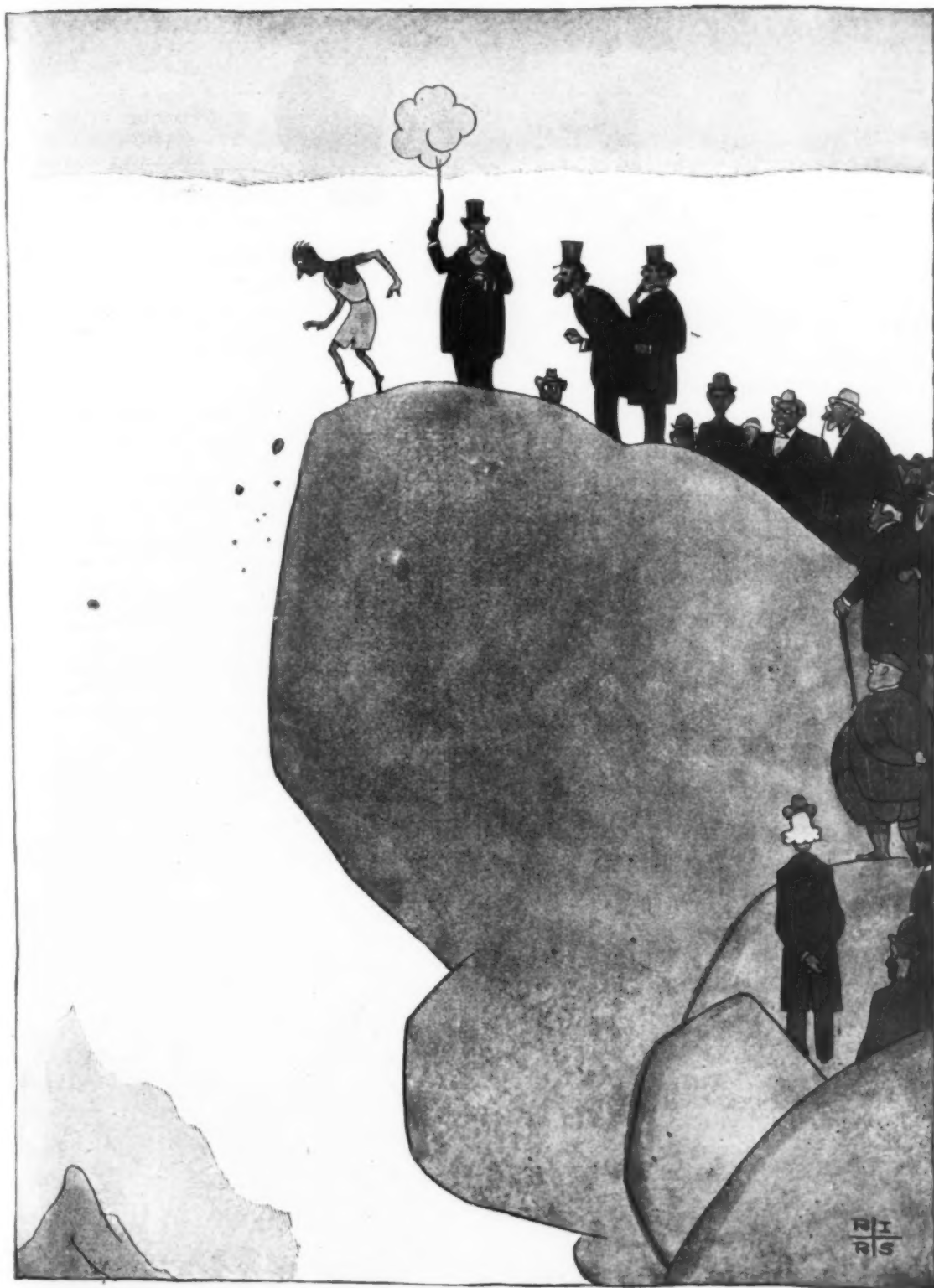
TRAMP: It was like this, mum. Me wife lost her job in the Eagle Laundry and I couldn't find another for her, so I had to take up a rovin' life.

IT is getting so that in order to succeed these days a fellow must keep his nose constantly to the grindstone, and a girl, hers to the powder-puff.



Mrs. Hippo: HURRY, HIPPO, WE'RE LATE NOW.

"I JUST HAVE TO TAKE A QUICK SHAVE, DARLING—BE RIGHT WITH YOU IN ABOUT FORTY-FIVE MINUTES."



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY
THE MEMBERS TRY TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER "HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST,"
OR WHETHER IT IS BETTER TO "LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."



THE BIRTHPLACE
COMMITTEE FINDS A
CHARRED PLANK
(PLANTED THE
NIGHT BEFORE).

Do You Need a Birthplace?

An Open Letter from the Chicago Ready-Cut Standardized Birthplace Company

By Don Herold

DO you need a birthplace?

Do you need one personally, or for a friend or relative, or for some one you admire ardently? Can't you think of some one who ought to have one of our fine, but inexpensive, birthplaces?

Look into history. Surely there is some one for whom you can start a birthplace fund. Many worthy characters dwell in obscurity for want of a birthplace.

Our organization, the Chicago Ready-Cut Standardized Birthplace Co., has supplied birthplaces for some of the greatest men and women of history, and supplied 'em cheap. Many persons comparatively unknown have risen to immediate fame after using one of our birthplaces.

You are born but once.

And people are very apt to judge you by your birthplace, so when you order one, get a good one.

We can provide the site. Our realty department will attend to that. We still have many rare sites in downtown New York, or in the Gramercy Park district (a very popular birthplace neighborhood just now), or on upper Manhattan, or, if you wish, some choice locations for log-house birthplaces in rural districts. We offer at special bargain prices a number of literary birthplaces in Indiana. Our "Good-Taste Department," recently created, will be glad to advise you as to where you ought to be born, or where any of your little friends, whose names you wish to perpetuate, should have been born.

We are taking orders now for birthplaces to be shipped

twenty or fifty years from date, in case you wish one for yourself. We will help you choose a suitable lot (a birth lot, as it were), and you can pick any style of house you like. You can even choose the dear little old-fashioned cradle in which you were rocked.

Or if you are a member of some hero-worshipping society, let us supply a birthplace for the feller.

Our prices are a knockout, owing to our system of standardized, knockdown manufacture. Of course you know that sawmills cut planks to certain standardized lengths, and that windows and doors are made in certain standard sizes. Our planks are even more standardized than those available in ordinary sawmills, and our windows and doors are the very last word in standardization. We take advantage of every economy. Our birthplaces come to you in a freight car all ready to set up anywhere in a few days' time. (Birthplaces should be set up quickly; otherwise, after a few months of stumbling over construction debris, the public is apt to question their genuineness.)

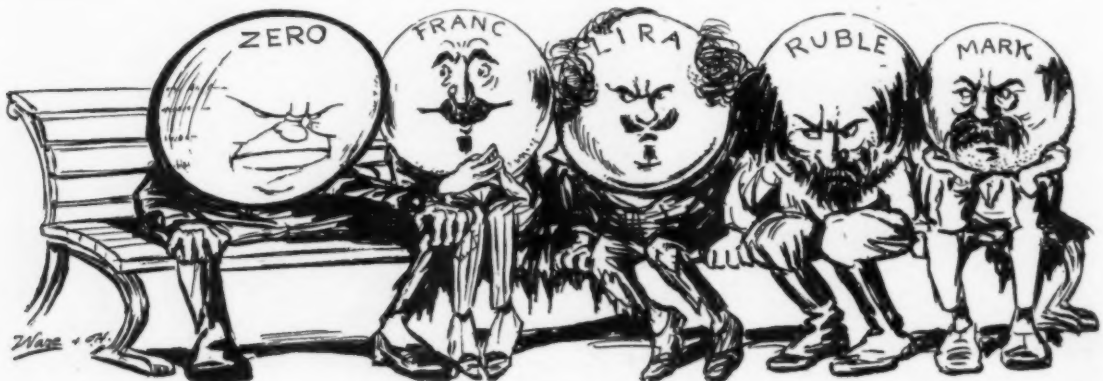
Remember our motto: "There is no boost like a Chicago Ready-Cut Birthplace."

Of half the great men in America to-day it can be said: "He first saw the limelight in a Chicago Ready-Cut Birthplace."

Send for designs and prices. Please specify style of birthplace desired; log, plain or fancy; hovel, cottage, city house, medium or palatial.

Sincerely,

CHICAGO READY-CUT STANDARDIZED BIRTHPLACE CO.



THE BENCH WARMERS

Chorus of Derelicts (to Mr. Zero): DON'T BE A HOG, MOVE UP.

Life Lines

RETURNING travelers predict another world war, but none of them has filed his application for a job in the shipyards.

┆

Lloyd George had no sooner warned England against an invasion of the Reds than Woolworth started opening stores in London.

┆

With Ireland at peace and Japan tragically crushed by an earthquake, the editorial writers on the Hearst papers are having great difficulty finding adequate causes for alarm.

┆

The daily dozen are usually taken by the gross.

┆

He laughs last whose laugh lasts

┆

"The human body is the vehicle of a colossal and absorbing evolutionary experiment," said Sir Arthur Keith, the famous scientist, recently. Well, that's one man's way of describing the Eighteenth Amendment.

┆

As the hard cider season approaches the thoughts of the American people instinctively turn to the embottled farmer.

┆

Many of the politicians are noticing the cool in Coolidge.

┆

At last reports the German mark had dropped to 12,000,000 to the dollar. This old joke is being carried altogether too far.



"WHAT SORT OF A DANCER IS FRED?"

"THE SORT JEALOUS WOMEN MARRY TO PRESERVE THEIR PEACE OF MIND."



TRIALS OF FUTURE TRAVEL

THE 5:15 AERO EXPRESS HAS JUST PASSED OVER PITTSBURGH

The Echo's Decision

I WATCHED the ponies running,
Debating on a bet
That might, if I were cunning,
Deliver me from debt.

The form sheet lay before me,
But as the dope I got,
Uneasiness swept o'er me.
"Well, shall I bet, or not?"

The echo seized my question,
And solved it like a shot.
It vetoed my suggestion,
"Well, shall I?"—"Better not."

A. H.

Up-to-Date Name

MRS. HOYLE: Have you hired a furnace man for the winter?

MRS. DOYLE: We have engaged a fuel administrator.



"I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO DIVORCE TOM."
 "I WAS, BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO SAVE THE MONEY ON THE ALLOWANCE HE GIVES ME."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

**September
20th**

My husband, poor wretch, up at the crack of dawn this day, and prowling about on his toes in an attempt to be quiet until I was well nigh distraught with him and enjoined him to stamp in order that I might finish out my slumber. Whereupon he did complain unreasonably of the time which must elapse before the servants would prepare his breakfast, and I reminded him of the man on the house party who told Charlie Towne he was no good at all in the morning until he had drunk his beaker of coffee, to whom Charles responded, I haven't noted that you amount to much after you've had it....These days am I extremely happy, and inclined to hold with Pippa on cosmic welfare.

**September
21st**

Lay late, reading the journals, and finding naught in them of interest to me, as usual. Frequently do I share the disappointment of Harry Wilson's Bunker Bean in not seeing the name of an acquaintance in the death notices....To luncheon at an inn with W. Hurlbut, and he did tell me how B. Dean

had taken the title of his "Lilies of the Field" for a piece in London, and when I asked how such a thing could be, William quoth, In England they call it not cricket; over here we call it a scurvy trick....Home early, and I did do on the wig cap of shining gold silk which Louisa sent me from Paris and the finest tea gown I own, needing only a long-handled mirror and a fair soprano voice to feel like *Thais*. But I could do naught about it save put my favorite jazz records on the mechanical box, and when Sam found me cavorting he shared my merry mood, until he learned that the bootlegger had failed us.

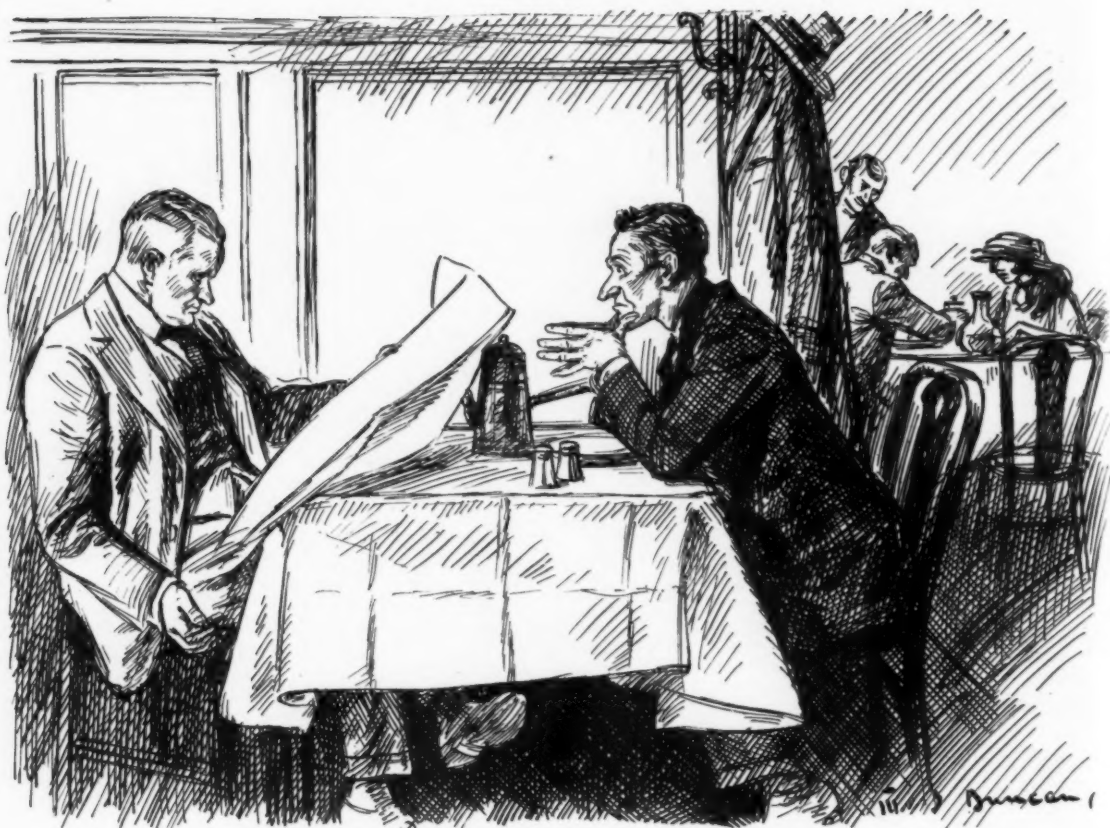
**September
22nd**

At my correspondence all the morning, a depressing business, and one at which I do ill. For Lord! I can never think of aught to say save that it is or isn't raining, and why I have a friend left at a distance of more than a hundred miles is beyond me....Kate Mitchell to luncheon, and I did mark that her habit of interrupting her *vis-à-vis* in the middle of a

(Continued on page 32)



SKIPPY KEEPS THINGS UNDER HIS HAT



"LOST YOUR APPETITE, EH? WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DOCTOR?"
 "I THINK I'LL CONSULT THE HEAD-WAITER. IT COSTS ABOUT THE SAME."

"What's Your Number?"

An Incident in Manhattan Where the Wheels Go Round

THE Scene is the middle of the roadway at the intersection of Whooziz Street and Anyold Avenue.

A group of citizens, consisting of a Traffic Cop, a Walking Delegate of the Chauffeurs' Union, a Taxi Driver and his Nervous Passenger, are considering the damage to a taxicab. They rather ignore the portly gentleman who lies at full length on the crossing, and whose frantic efforts to arise are rendered futile by the fact that the front wheel of the taxi is planted on his midriff.

TRAFFIC COP (to driver): Don't you see that sign—"No parking here"? Go ahead.

GENTLEMAN UNDER CAR: Beg pardon, old chap, but if he goes ahead another wheel will pass over me. Kindly request him to back up.

TRAFFIC COP: Can't. Wrong side of the street.

GENTLEMAN UNDER CAR: But I've been under here quite a while.

TRAFFIC COP: One more kick out of you and I'll run you in for obstructing traffic.

THE DRIVER: This is goin' to set me back ten bucks for a new bumper.

GENTLEMAN UNDER CAR: So sorry.

THE DRIVER: Hey, jay walker, while you're under there take a slant at my brake rods.

GENTLEMAN UNDER CAR: They seem to be in excellent condition. As a matter of fact they show no signs of use.

PASSENGER: I say, driver, I want to make a train. Is that fellow going to stay under your car all night?

THE DRIVER: He thinks he's home in bed.

PASSENGER: And this meter registers eleven. I don't owe you eleven dollars.

THE DRIVER: Aw, that means I've only run over eleven people to-day.

TRAFFIC COP: Come on; you can't loaf around here all night havin' a good time. Beat it.

(Amid the expostulations of the victim, the Driver mounts his car, only to be checked by an imperious gesture from the Walking Delegate.)

DELEGATE (with apologies to Whittier):

Who turns a wheel of that gray car
 Loses his card. Stay where you are.

THE DRIVER: The Strike is on. (He locks his gears.)

GENTLEMAN UNDER CAR: How unfortunate.

DELEGATE: Not a taxi wheel in this town will turn until our new rules are adopted to prevent accidents. We're going to make the streets safe.

(The Driver calmly locks the Passenger in and sets the meter at waiting time. After which he slips a cushion from the front seat beneath the head of the Gentleman Under the Car.)

THE DRIVER: There now, you can't say I ain't done my best to make you comfortable. Mark Swan.

The New-Voes Take Up Sport

THE New-Voes have taken up sport.
Every form of sport.

There isn't a game they don't play.

Or, rather—play at.

They have engaged no end of instructors, and trainers, and coaches, and markers.

And they have laid out every type of field, and course, and moor, and rink, and court.

They've got all the necessary paraphernalia, from the right kind of croquet wickets to the best South American polo ponies.

They haven't missed a trick.

And they've got all the proper clothing.

Of course, they may appear on the links dressed for fox hunting.

And in a yachting get-up when they ought to be turned out for duck shooting.

But then, they've taken up so many sports.

As a matter of fact, they don't know a tennis racquet from a polo mallet.

Or a niblick from a squash bat.

Nevertheless the New-Voes have taken up sport.

Every form of sport.

C. G. S.



fr Young

"IT CERTAINLY IS A WONDERFUL MUSEUM, ISN'T IT, FRED?"

"YES. LET'S SEE EVERYTHING THEY GOT, SO WE WON'T EVER HAVE TO COME AGAIN."

Unconvinced

WILLIE: Do they call Sunday a day of rest?

MOTHER: Yes, dear.

"Where?"

PITY the poor New Yorker—he never knows where his next bullet's coming from.

IT would doubtless be the end of a beautiful friendship if Henry Ford attempted to answer Thomas Edison's questionnaire.



Hi: I UNDERSTAND YOUR NEW HIRED MAN LEFT YESTERDAY.

Si: YES, GOT DISCOURAGED WHEN HE FOUND OUT THAT SWEARING AT A TRACTOR DIDN'T RELIEVE HIS FEELINGS.



SEPTEMBER 27, 1923

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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 598 Madison Avenue, New York
 English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



NOT all the troubles of the world are due to the failure of the United States to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and join the League of Nations. Some great troubles might have been avoided if that had not happened, but even if we had got into the League life would not have been all one glad sweet song.

Oh, no! The Japanese earthquake would have happened just the same. Some ills that we know might have been avoided, and some ills that as yet we do not know might have been incurred, but as it is the nations have got to get together somehow, and the United States with the rest, for a big job, to wit: for the adjustment of human life to machinery. That adjustment has got to be made, and the nations will have to help one another to make it.

The papers quoted Dean Brown of the Yale Divinity School as saying in a sermon in New York that the South Sea Islanders get more happiness out of life than we do with all our dollar chasing. Maybe so. But as Dr. Brown well knows that is not particularly significant. Terrier puppies that have established themselves in good human families seem very happy. They eat and sleep and play a great deal, and are full of all kinds of affection, and show all the symptoms of enjoyment of life, but we cannot be terrier puppies nor South Sea Islanders whose life is pleasant in more or less the same way. Happiness in this life is important only as it encourages us to do profitable things. It is the same way with security and riches, and it will be the same with peace if we ever get it. Peace is nothing unless it is evolutionary and gets us ahead. If we

thought it was going to bring us to South Sea Island existence we would abate our efforts to secure it. We do not want peace because we expect it to make us happy. We want it because we think if we do not get it we run a good chance of seeing human progress halted. In so far as world peace is a factor in human progress it is good; otherwise it is no great matter. The great argument for it is that if we can arrange to have it we will have time and money to get ahead in much more interesting ways than by knocking off each other's blocks.



MEANWHILE world matters seem to be going on a little better. Italy and Greece do not claw each other so fiercely and seem to think their differences had better be arranged. Japan is emerging from the wreck of earthquake. A good deal of money and lively sympathy is coming out to help her.

Governor Pinchot seems to have gotten along well with the coal people. The mystery of the price of anthracite coal has not yet been disclosed so that common people can understand it, but Mr. Pinchot wants to discover even that. We shall get more coal this year apparently, but at some increase of price because of the rise in miners' wages, but it is time we burned something else, or at least made more effort and spent more money to hitch up our available water power so that it will keep us warm. The coal problem is just a detail of that adjustment of human life to machinery which is everybody's great problem all the time. One great detail of it is to induce Labor to keep in operation the machines which Capital combines with invention to provide for us. When

the miners stop our machines slow up, and that is awkward.



THERE is talk about abolishing the two-dollar bill. Advices from Washington say not yet, but that the Treasury Department is thinking about it and finds the bill unpopular and may drop it out of our paper circulation. In our judgment, it should be retained, being more useful now than it used to be, and having a good prospect of increased popularity. What used to cost one dollar now costs anywhere from one dollar and a quarter to two dollars. You cannot pay with a dollar bill for things that it used to pay for. It takes two of them to do it now and perhaps you get a little change back and perhaps not. Five two-dollar bills take up only half the room in one's pocket that ten one-dollar bills take up, and we ought to save that space, particularly now that storage is so costly and clothing which contains pockets is also quite dear.



A STRIKING feature of contemporary life in this town is the enormous new hotels, most of them for men, but at least one big one for women. The big one for women is overcrowded and there is probably demand for more. The latest hotel for men is a huge structure on Lexington Avenue, attractive in appearance and built to hold at least 2,000 bachelors.

It seems doubtful whether the progress of human life, which is so necessary, and to achievement of which, as said, we are geared, is promoted by this large increasing provision for men and women to live separate existences. It is, however, a condition and not a theory that we are up against, and one that is recalled as characteristic of unsettled times. Monasteries and nunneries abounded most when civilization was most rattled, and domestic life most subject to disturbance. Whether married life will presently be conducted on a basis of separation, the man living in a man's hotel, and the woman in a hotel for women, is yet to be seen. But that may happen in this period of self-determination which precedes the new era. E. S. Martin.





His First Appo

LIFE



First Appearance



Making a Virtue of It

NO sincere student of dramatic taxidermy should miss "The Crooked Square." In it Mr. Samuel Shipman has lined up the greatest collection of stuffed speeches this side of the Agassiz Museum, and anyone interested in the fauna of our national tongue will have a simply elegant time there.

Most of the larger specimens are allotted to little Miss Edna Hibbard to drag on and off the stage, and it is a terrible thing to ask of any girl. Miss Hibbard plays the rôle of one of those migratory Southern kiddies, who comes up to New York to "express herself" and finds, as Mr. Shipman might have written it colloquially, that the only expression to be found in that great city of broken dreams, New York, is sexpression. Furthermore, as Mr. Shipman really does have her say, in her inarticulate, kiddie way, "I won't go home a disastrous failure."



SO, instead of going home a disastrous failure, she stays right here and describes Broadway looking south from 50th St. in four hundred words. Four hundred big words, too. It just sort of gets you, and makes you feel that this great city can be cruel as well as kind, heartless as well as generous, and bitter as well as in the Borough of Manhattan. Then, on being told that there is no job for her in that particular office, she goes to the door and says—any little boy or girl who has paid up his or her dues may have a chance at guessing what Miss Hibbard says—that's right, Mildred, Miss Hibbard says: "Then it's the streets!" and out she goes!



WELL, as you may imagine, this kind of talk ends her up in the Reformatory, and we next see her on the day that she is released. She and her girl-friend (who evidently was committed to the institution for soliciting during the Dewey parade, as she still considers "Nit!" the slangiest possible way of saying "No") are just about to leave the building on their way back to that great, cruel maw, New York, N. Y., when suddenly one of them, being a true-blue Sam Shipman girl, feels that something is missing. She pauses a moment, and then, with her face lighting up, says: "Oh, I forgot! It's Christmas Eve!" And at that the chimes begin to ring out. Well, sir, it came as no surprise to us. That's one thing about a Sam Shipman play, you are never surprised to discover that it is Christmas Eve, no matter what time of year it may be.

The last act of "The Crooked Square" is very nearly as delightful for the curiosity-seeker as are the other two acts. Perhaps a little more so, as there are more characters on the stage at once. It seemed at one point as if, after they had called all the available members of the cast in, one by one, they would have to request three members of the audience to step up on the stage and occupy the three arms of the chandelier which were vacant at the time. Then, too, there was always the big, roomy fireplace which contained a startlingly unreal pile of logs and red electric light bulbs, giving it the appearance of that old Eden Musee group, "The Dying Gamekeeper."



TO return, however, to the serious business of dramatic criticism, "The Crooked Square" is one of those rare plays which so far transcend mere badness that they emerge refulgent as delightful entertainment. You won't believe it until you hear it with your own ears.



REVIEWING Mrs. Fiske's performances is getting to be almost as standardized a procedure as commenting sagely on the whimsicality of Barrie. You first say that, of course, the play is nothing, and that it does seem a pity that Mrs. Fiske can't get something worthy of her. Then you devote the rest of the review to an attempt to say "brilliant and effervescent performance" in as many different ways as possible.

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," by St. John Ervine, is, however, better than most of the comedies that Mrs. Fiske has flashed through of late, without being anything extra. It has some delightful badinage in it, and much that is worth just about eight cents on the dollar. The general effect, due to Mrs. Fiske and an excellent cast of English-speaking people, is decidedly pleasurable. Mrs. Fiske has a remarkable gift for making whatever word she is uttering sound like *le mot juste*, which must be a great comfort as well as a surprise to the author when he hears it.

Mr. Belasco has given the play a splendid production, including a new and effective system of lighting, which is based, according to the program-note, on "Mr. Belasco's study of the rainbow." The thought of Mr. Belasco studying the rainbow is a touching and impressive one, and only goes to show what great strides Nature is making.

Robert C. Benchley.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Breaking Point. *Klaw*—Nothing extra.

Casanova. *Empire*—To be reviewed later.

Children of the Moon. *Comedy*—A tale of hereditary madness which has moments of considerable effectiveness.

The Crooked Square. *Hudson*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—To be reviewed next week.

Peter Weston. *Sam H. Harris*—To be reviewed next week.

Rain. *Masine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in one of the plays you shouldn't miss.

Red Light Annie. *Morocco*—Showing what fun you can have in New York with cocaine, firearms and a good constitution.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—All right if you demand no particular reality in your entertainment.

Sun Up. *Provincetown*—How the War came to the hinterland, told in a quiet and dramatic manner.

The Woman on the Jury. *Eltinge*—Well, it seems there was this woman who had been wronged by this fellow—

Zeno. *Forty-Eighth St.*—All the melodrama you could possibly ask for—perhaps a bit more.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—We refuse to answer on advice of counsel.

Aren't We All. *Gaiety*—Pleasant British entertainment, with Cyril Maude.

The Changelings. *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed later.

Connie Goes Home. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Devil's Disciple. *Garrick*—A story of the American Revolution which turns out to be a delightful Shaw play toward the end. Last week.

The Good Old Days. *Broadhurst*—All the Prohibition jokes except the three good ones.

Home Fires. *Ambassador*—Just the kind of play that would be called "Home Fires."

In Love with Love. *Ritz*—Very nice.

The Jolly Roger. *National*—For the pirate trade.

Magnolia. *Liberty*—The old gambling days of the river-boats revived in a good show by Booth Tarkington.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. *Belasco*—Reviewed in this issue.

Tweddies. *Frazee*—Not a momentous event, but a generally pleasant one.

Two Fellows and a Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Everyday talk made amusing.

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Buckety-buckety farce with, oddly enough, Grant Mitchell.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. *George M. Cohan's*—Richard Carle and Billy B. Van in a mould.

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—An appeal to several of the more popular emotions.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed later.

Helen of Troy. *N. Y. Selwyn*—Amusing kidding.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—Let's see, which one is that?

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Irene Bordoni.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—To be reviewed later.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields making the evening delightful.

Scandals of 1923. *Globe*—George White's show.

Vanities of 1923. *Earl Carroll*—Elaborate and generally funny, thanks to Joe Cook, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce's dancing and singing.

Wildflower. *Casino*—Very stepping music.

Others Have Succeeded, Why Not I?

I AM thinking seriously of becoming a vice-president of a bank. Most of my college chums who aren't working have tried it, and it doesn't seem to interfere with their golfing. Just what the qualifications are I am not sure, but I could make myself liked anywhere.

I am looking for a bank where there are only a few vice-presidents, where there is a chance for a man to show a little individuality. I don't want to be a mere cog in a machine. Perhaps the best opening would be in some smaller bank which hasn't room for more than, say, six or eight

vice-presidents' desks set out in rows like tables in Childs'. I know of a savings bank in Buffalo which never publishes a list of vice-presidents. The inference is that it has only one; I must inquire the next time I make a deposit. They can't very well turn me down. Savings banks are almost as numerous as vice-presidents.

E. J. K.

That Will Be Hard

"DO you know what will be the result of dollar wheat?"

"No; what?"

"Two-dollar cider."



ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATION OF A NEW STAR

Broadcastings

By Montague Glass

HE believed everything he read in the newspapers," is supposed to be the perfect characterization of the average reader. But how about the man who believes everything he reads in the fifteen-cent Liberal weeklies? There is an air of infallibility about these periodicals which compels belief, the alternative being that if you

don't believe, it's because you haven't the necessary intelligence. Relatively ignorant men such as myself, however, can apply a test which works upon the legal principle of *Falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*.

If one of these diplomatic pundits tells me as part of my fifteen cents' worth that I can take what he says about the Franco-German relations as the straight griffin and coming direct from the stables, so to speak, I examine the context for the purpose of discovering mistakes in his general information. Thus, when for the sake of analogy he makes an excursion into the field of music, about which I do know something, and he pulls a bone, as Professor Phelps would say, I receive his inside stuff about France and Germany with a certain amount of reserve.

The other day, one of these fifteen-cent oracles said something or another. I forget what it was now, was as suave as an overture to one of Puccini's operas. The overtures to Puccini's operas are as rare as Swiss navies

and sea borders of Bohemia. "Tosca" begins with one or two abrupt measures, and the curtain is up. In "La Bohème," the conductor barely raises his baton, before the audience is midway in the troubles of *Rodolfo* and *Marcello*, and the conclusion is forced upon us that perhaps these fifteen-cent de Blowitzes know as little about foreign relations as they do about music—or even less.

* * *

LIFE in a California winter resort is a series of displacements whereby if the Eastern visitor rents A's house for five hundred a month, completely furnished, including linen and silver, A rents B's bungalow completely furnished, including linen and silver, for two hundred a month. B in his turn rents C's bungalow, linen and silver for one hundred a month; C rents D's furnished flat at fifty a month, and D either goes to live with relations or becomes an Ishmael in a Ford with a camping outfit which includes neither linen nor silver. In thus taking a temporary profit on his hearth and home, the California landed proprietor occasionally makes a shocking *exposé* of his Autolykan habits in the matter of linen and silver. For instance, I have rented California houses which have been furnished with linen and silver through the kind and unconscious assistance of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the Pullman Company, the Palace Hotel and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

(Continued on page 28)



A.B. Frost

First Lady: SHOO!

Second Lady: SING THE TOREADOR'S SONG; MAYBE THAT WILL SCARE HIM.

Why Not?

(A prominent Detroit capitalist may use cotton compounds in manufacturing his cars.—*News Item*.)

IT is a crisp autumn day in our nation's capital, A. D. 1925. A Cottonoid Four has just sideswiped a tree at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and 16th Street, N. W. Three of its erstwhile occupants are seated on a bench before the White House. Mrs. Anne Ray de Aytor is darning a hole in a tire of steel gray tweed which she holds in her lap. Mrs. Crankcase is threading a new cylinder head, while Mrs. Henry, plying her needle industriously, is sewing up a large rent in the radiator. Her husband is trimming the mudguards with a pair of shears.

MRS. HENRY: Heavens, that bump almost took the crease out of our chassis—and I just had it pressed this morning. Henry, my dear, this piece of Alice Blue doesn't match our crêpe de chine radiator very well but it's the best I can do.

MR. HENRY: Do the best you can,



James G. Whizz, Second Vice-President of the Punkville Plow Works (addressing the annual convention of the State Credit Men's Association): FLOUNDERING IN THE VAST UNCHARTED SEA OF DOUBT—MENACED BY THE RESTLESS WAVES AND CROSS CURRENTS OF UNTRIED POLITICAL THEORIES—I, FOR ONE, GENTLEMEN—

Voice: SWIM FOR THE SHORE, JIM!



The 'CHURCH THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON, SLEPT IN

my love. These plush guards stood up very well.

MRS. ANNE R. DE A. (sewing a gasket on a woolen carburetor): My dear, you should see our new Parkerhouse-Rolls. Thirty-six-inch crêpe meteor cylinders, and the dearest little georgette radiator.

MRS. CRANKCASE: That reminds me, Anne, our Redingote Six has the loveliest woolen muffler—Henry! don't rip out the lining of that mudguard. Let me baste it up.

MR. H.: I'm sorry to bother you ladies, but I'm afraid one of you will have to darn this cord tire. I bought it only a month ago and it's beginning to unravel already.

MRS. H.: Henry, I do wish you would get a Georgette Six. These Cottonoid Fours are so shabby.

MR. H.: I would, my dear, but I've given everything I had to the Red Cross. You know they are busy knitting little red runabouts for the Motorless Patagonians this fall. But what would you say to a hand-embroidered Silken Six?

MRS. H.: You darling!

MR. H.: All ready, ladies. Jump in and we'll be off. Don't mind if I hurry, do you? I want to get this purple wool to Grandma. She insists on knitting Willie a cloverleaf roadster for Christmas.

CLOUDS OF DUST.

C. H. N.

Crumbs of Comfort

EMON DE VALERA, in *Clink*—I had rather be on the outside looking in, than on the inside looking out.

Thomas Alva Edison, in *Seclusion*—Just because a man happens to invent a door better than any door invented, the world seems to think he is its mousetrap, even if he has retreated into the middle of a forest. I detest publicity.

Henry Ford, in the *Dearborn Independent*—I want to see every American man, woman and child with a moderately priced automobile in his or her portable garage. We have no presidential aspirations.

J. J. and Lee Shubert, in the *Dial*—What this world needs at present, probably more than anything else, is a little less vulgarity.

The Prince of Wales, in *Alberta*—I am at a loss to understand why people should take such an active interest in my inconsequential comings and goings.

Secretary Mellon, in the *Wall Street Journal*—Europe seems to be in a particularly unsettled state.

H. W. H.

WILLIE: Mary, let's play mamma and papa.

MARY: All right. Got a cigarette?

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Rosita"

OF late years, Mary Pickford has been making indifferent pictures, and the "America's Sweetheart" mantle has been slipping.

But Mary Pickford has not entered the Old Actors' Home yet. In "Rosita" she gets about surprisingly well; indeed, if the truth must be known, she manages a great deal better than she has ever managed before.

As a Spanish street singer, in old Seville, "Our Mary" (as we critics call her) gives a performance of great beauty and tremendous strength. Aided by Ernst Lubitsch and Holbrook Blinn, by settings and photography that clutch perfection, and by a story that is old but good, "Rosita" represents the most exquisite picture that Mary Pickford—or any one else, for that matter—has ever produced.

INCIDENTALLY, my numerous admirers in California will be greatly cheered by this review of "Rosita," because, two weeks ago, I vowed that if it failed to enthrall me I should never take another whiff of their widely advertised climate.

Hollywood has just about ruined Pola Negri, but it has given Ernst Lubitsch a chance to do all the things that he couldn't have done in Berlin. He has realized this opportunity, and has made the most of it.

California is saved!

"If Winter Comes"

WILLIAM FOX, whose works have been greeted with mitigated enthusiasm in this department, has made a movie out of the novel, "If Winter Comes," that possesses an inexcusably large number of faults—and at least two transcendent virtues.

Starting with the defects (so that this review, like the picture, may have a happy ending), I submit the following categorical report:

Item—The photography is terrible.

Item—The picture has been crudely cut.

Item—As in the book, the earlier stages of the story drag painfully.

Item—The performance of Ann Forrest, as *Lady Tybar*, is awful.

Which brings us to the virtues:

Item—The backgrounds, most of which were made in the cathedral town of Canterbury, are beautiful.

Item—Percy Marmont is superb as *Mark Sabre*.

Although the faults appear to have the numerical advantage, they are actually discounted—and by Mr. Marmont alone. He carries the picture, and does it amazingly well.

"Why Worry?"

REVIEWS of Harold Lloyd's pictures are becoming painfully monotonous in this department—because these pictures are all uniformly good.

I can say of "Why Worry?" just what I have said of the last four Lloyd products—that it is hilariously funny, that it moves at a breakneck pace and that it is enlivened through-

out by Harold Lloyd's indomitably buoyant humor. It is not so humanly sincere as "Grandma's Boy" nor so thrilling as "Safety Last"—but it was potent enough to keep this observer in a cheerful glow throughout the six reels of its duration.

In the interests of LIFE's readers, who like to believe that variety is the spice of this popular publication, I ask Harold Lloyd to give me a chance to be original.

"The White Sister"

IF the good in "The White Sister" weren't so extraordinarily good, the bad wouldn't seem half so terrible.

As it is, "The White Sister," which represents Lillian Gish's first independent production, is just about the saddest picture we have ever seen. Starting wonderfully, with the best that Miss Gish and Henry King can give in the way of acting and direction, it is allowed to die on its feet. The earlier portions of the film are legitimately beautiful and genuinely dramatic; then theatrical artificiality lifts its papier-mâché head, and the tremendous illusion collapses.

The heroine of the story is a wistful little girl who secludes herself in a convent, to mourn for the lover whom she believes to be dead. Just when she has taken the final, irrevocable vows, her fiancé returns—to find that she is separated from him forever. In this lachrymose rôle, Lillian Gish gives a performance that is divinely exalted.

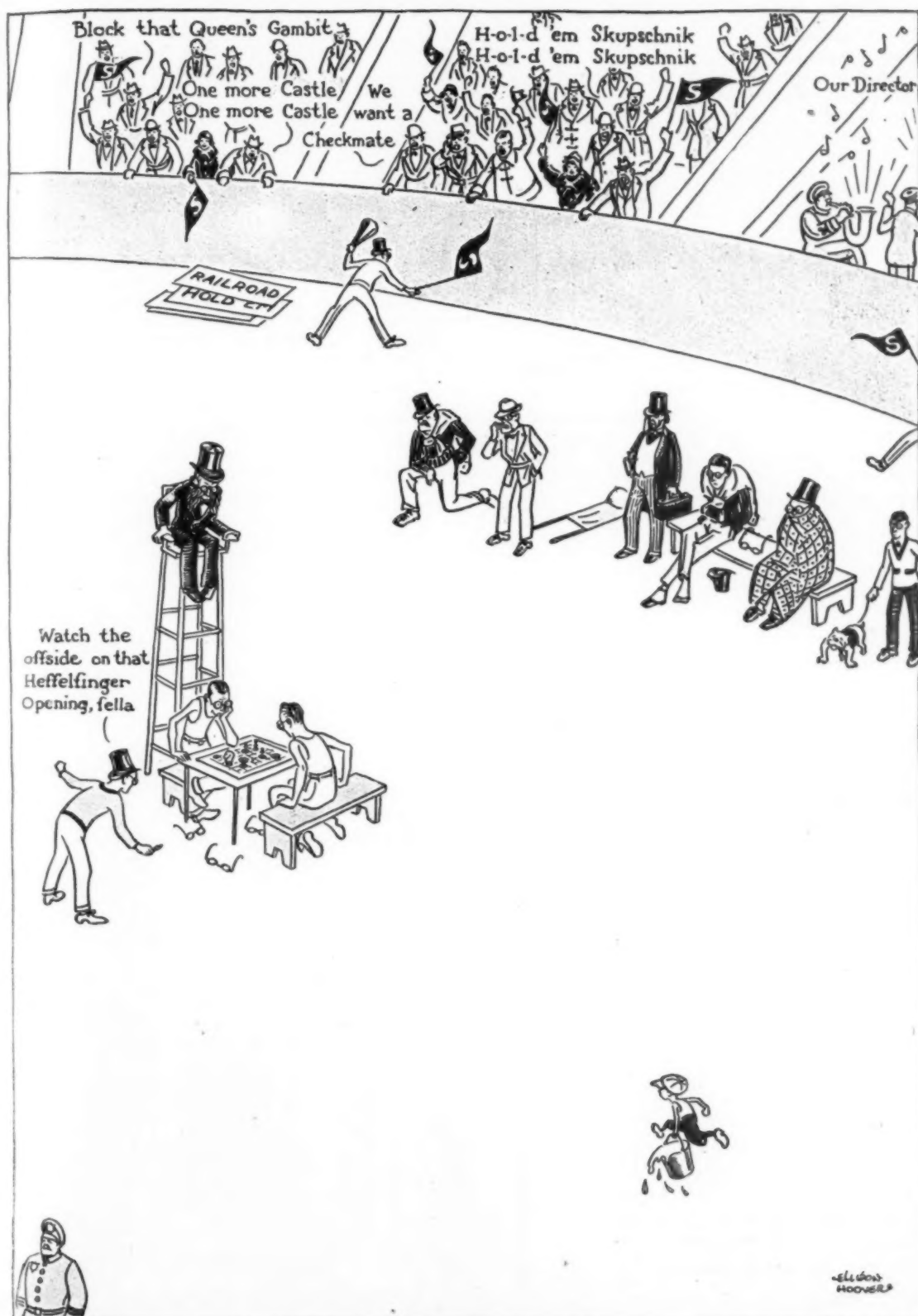
But the Griffith tradition is too strong, and at the climax of the piece she is forced to face a battery of aeroplane propellers—just as she did in "Way Down East."

Some day, perhaps, movie producers will learn that an actress like Lillian Gish possesses greater emotional force in her left eyebrow than all the fake thrills that the silent drama has perfected. It is a day worth waiting for.

Robert E. Sherwood.



LILLIAN GISH IN "THE WHITE SISTER."



WHEN CHESS COMES INTO ITS OWN



Tenshun!

"You are not listening to me," complained Jane Muchmore at breakfast the other morning. "I didn't know you had said anything, dear," returned the meek Mr. Muchmore. "I haven't, but I expect to," said Jane.

—Howard (Kan.) Courant.

Where the Stars Are Rushlights

AUTOMOBILE SALESMAN (in back country): On the roads you have here, sir, you would find this car far better than a better one.

—Bulletin (Sydney).

Uncalled For

An old lady having seen a parachutist descend explained firmly:

"I wouldn't go up in one of them things, not even if it was to save my life."—London Daily News.

THE automobile always beats the train to the crossing, barring accidents.

—Detroit News.



"LOOK, CATHERINE, I HAD MY PICTURE TAKEN!"

"Caray! HOW WELL YOU CAME OUT!"

"YES, AND MIND YOU, IT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER DID IT."

—Excelsior (Mexico).

Farm Philosophers

"Drat," says the farmer.

"Drat," says I;

"Drat these aeroplanes Buzzin' by.

"The pigs is in fever,
The cow's run amuck,
The sow's gone and stuck herself
Under the truck."

"Drat," says the farm-wife,

"He's scairt my chicks.

God never builded us
To fly over ricks."

—H. K. Gordon, in Canadian Forum.

Much Too Sudden

"Lizah, le's me an' you git mah'ied?"

"Boy, ef you's jes' gotta be crazy, whyn't you be one ob 'ese heah kleptomaniacs an' make it pay?"

—Nashville Tennessean.

TEACHER: Who was the man who never told a lie?

PUPIL: Ah! Who, indeed?

—Boston Transcript.

THE dupes of the oil stock swindlers are always singing, "Yes, we have no bonanza to-day."—Houston Post.

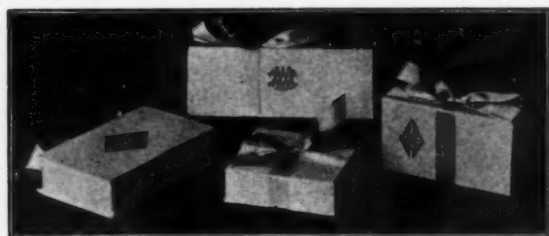
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"George, dear,
be careful!"

Consider the "driver" on the rear seat—

COUNTLESS thousands of women are today losing half the pleasure and benefit of motoring that might be theirs. Countless thousands are suffering needlessly from shock, strain and nervous apprehension—expending many times the energy of the man at the wheel. These thousands literally bounce about on the rear seat, due to the roughness of the roads and uncontrolled spring action.

If they but knew the cushioned comfort of the Hoo-Dye spring control; if they but understood the easy, smooth elasticity of this double-acting hydraulic device; if they but realized the freedom from mental strain, bodily discomfort and nervous shock brought about by this world-famous shock absorber they would insist on having their cars Hoo-Dye equipped for their health's sake.

The Hoo-Dye, by absorbing both shock and recoil, by laying a gentle restraining hand on over-zealous spring action in direct proportion to the need, by cradling the car body against all the exigencies of motor travel has proved a life-giving boon to many thousands of "Rear-Seat Drivers."

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Smith, M.D.



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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Again the Young Idea

Two small boys were talking together on the beach.

"I say, what's your father?"

"He's an architect."

"Huh, mine's not. He's a soldier."

"My father was a soldier in the war, too."

"Huh, anybody can be a soldier when there's a war."—*London Daily News.*

Defining Terms

STUDENT OF DETECTIVE NOVELS: Double fare if you reach Rumbleton in twenty minutes!

DRIVER OF FLY: Wot do yer mean by "double fare"? Double the legal fare, or double wot I was goin' to ask yer?—*Punch.*

Where It's in the Way

"I don't care for dances," says a local cynic. "When I'm on a dance floor I never know what to do with my mind."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

A Plus-Four-Year-Old

The somewhat peppery retired Army officer was playing his dogged best for the club's Summer Medal, but at one hole he was kept waiting for a few minutes by a woman who sauntered carelessly down the fairway, crooning to her baby.

"Come away, madam," cried the Major testily. "Hurry up with that baby of yours."

The indignant mother turned and gave the player a look of scorn.

"Baby yourself," she snapped, "playing with that little ball, and in those ridiculous short trousers, too."

—*Sporting & Dramatic News (London).*

Apparently

"What has become of the man who had a cure for bashfulness?"

"He cured everybody."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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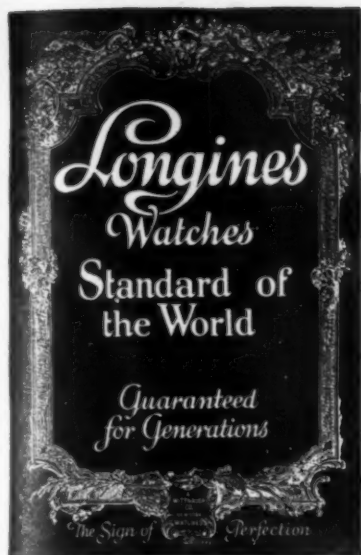
This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy Diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book showing weights, prices and qualities of a Million Dollars worth of Diamonds, is considered an authority.



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Common Sense Borrowing

BORROWING has grown to such vast proportions of late years that it ought really to be put on a business basis. Otherwise we shall all be borrowed out of house and home—all, that is, excepting the borrowers. What chance has a man to borrow a thousand dollars from a bank and then forget to return it? Absolutely none. That is as it should be. But banks can better afford to lose a thousand dollars than you or I an umbrella. Do you see the point? We must have security; borrowing must be made safe for generosity.

The next time Mary Jones comes over to borrow a few eggs, tell her to tell her mother you must have a loaf of bread as security. If they are slow about returning the eggs, you can eat the bread. The next time Robins comes over to borrow your pliers, tell him he will have to leave a couple of spark plugs as security. Why not? Banks do it, and look how everybody respects them. It is all a matter of proportion. Big things, big security; little things, little security. It is sound sense.

I hope some of my friends will read this.
E. J. K.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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There is an *especial* longing for "East of Suez" nowadays. The temple bells of Mandalay call with irresistible persistence. Pagodas, heathen idols, Christian kisses, sunshine, palm trees, flying fishes, elephants a piling teak—all call with Kipling magic—over the Seven Seas—"East of Suez." *Especially*, next winter, will the freezing drizzle "wake the fever in your bones"—for, "if you've 'eard the East a calling you won't never 'eed naught else."

The new Cunarder FRANCONIA

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Will You Try the New Tunic?



© Vogue

The Chinese influence retains a firm hold upon the mode. Its latest appearance is in this frock of black velvet and blue satin. The wide bands of blue satin around the hips are embroidered in blue and gold Chinese motifs.

Some of the new tunics flare all round, over their smart little narrow skirts. Others are full in front only; others again are as straight as a string. . . . And which is yours?

Suits, too, are as varied as the minds of men. . . . And though the cloche still rules the millinery mode, it trims itself upward, downward, sidewise—which lends all the difference in the world to its effect. . . . And which is yours?

Paris is all very well, one sees. But Paris does so many, many things! . . . One needs a guide.

To visualize the mode—and yourself—and yourself in the mode—there's nothing like Vogue.

Vogue isn't edited for women who want to look like everyone else, but for women who want to look their individual best, smart, distinguished.

Vogue isn't just a collection of models—even of the best models. Vogue is a viewpoint. Vogue is an education in how to dress.

Cost? Just \$2 for two entire seasons—10 issues—straight through to the Spring Millinery Number! Isn't that what you'd call a bargain? . . . And just about the only kind of education that's an entertainment in itself!

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Broadcastings

(Continued from page 20)

"My landlord is a member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco," a friend said to me in Pasadena.

"How do you know that?" I said.

"I read about it on a towel in his bathroom," my friend said.

THE late Frederic Harrison in his book "De Senectute" sets down at the age of ninety-one his reminiscences of Queen Victoria's coronation, which occurred when he was six. The memory of the extremely aged is remarkable, if somewhat tricky. I knew an old gentleman who could remember sitting on the knee of Lafayette, but could not remember exhuming Lafayette from his grave, which in view of their respective ages would have been, for the purpose of any knee-sitting, an operation of the highest necessity—yes, and even higher than that.

Mr. Harrison also states it as his ninety-one-year-old opinion that the automobile has destroyed the beauty of Normandy, Switzerland, the Grande Corniche and the rest of the Riviera, and this reminds me that in Sumner's "Folkways" there is an account of stone axes which hung behind Scandinavian church doors about the time Olaf introduced Christianity into Norway. These stone axes were used by Scandinavians in their simple early Christian piety as a means of putting Grandpa into a Home for the Aged without the formality of a lot of red tape. Professor Sumner does not exactly say so, but it may be deduced from all the circumstances that the actual number of his years didn't control the fate of an ancient Scandinavian. It was when he began to tell how beautiful Hardanger Fjord had been before the introduction of the trireme, that the eldest grandson immediately applied to the rector for the parish stone hatchet.

MR. STARK YOUNG of the *New Republic* has spent a busy summer in Italy leaping from Duomo to

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Duomo, and recording his impressions in the form of Travel Notes, in which a few weeks ago he scolded an Englishman who spent the entire journey to Siena worrying about the Sienese hotel accommodations. The Englishman was right. A good hotel is a condition precedent to the full enjoyment of any Italian town.

Beauty even in Italy is subjective and rests principally in the eye of the beholder. Hence, if that eye be jaundiced by a luncheon of half-cooked *pasta al sugo* washed down by rasping Chianti, the tower of the Siena municipio, which, according to Howells, looks more like a flight than a tower, will look more like a square factory chimney than either. It is important to eat the proper food in Italy. Cherries eaten raw in Rome will make the principal point of interest for an American tourist not the Forum or the Coliseum, but the Anglo-American Drug Store in the Piazza di Spagna. *Frutta di Móre* as an hors d'œuvre in Naples will convert any tourist into a permanent resident of Italy, unless, of course, his relations will pay for the transportation of his remains to the family burying plot at home.

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Tokio

Ah, frail and lovely Tokio,
A city built in pastel tone,
What vexed the gods that they should throw
Your beauty from its fairy throne?

A little house of cards you seem
That tumbled in a single day—
A fairy house that was a dream
Some angry god has swept away.

But far too fair to rest forlorn
Beneath the ashes of dismay;
For brighter promise were you born
Within that realm of yesterday.

The hands of all the world would twine
Your cherry blossoms back in place,
And build again each ravaged shrine
That lent you such enchanting grace.

The gods themselves must prove more kind—
No heart could leave you thus in woe—
Within to-morrow shall we find
A fairer, rarer Tokio!

M. H. C.

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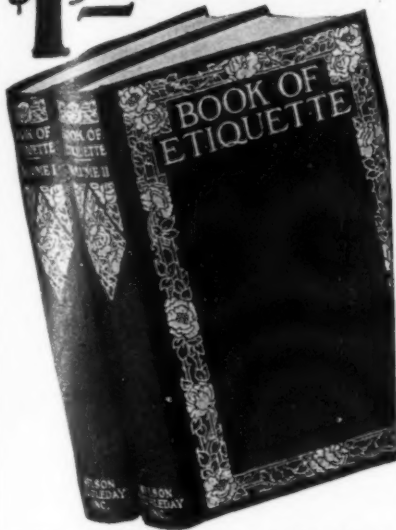
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Some New Books

CHARLES BROOKFIELD, it appears, one time came upon Sir Charles Wyndham seated in Garrick's chair at the Garrick Club at the time he was acting in "David Garrick." "My dear Wyndham," Brookfield cried, "I must say you look more and more like Garrick every day." The delighted Wyndham purred vehemently—until Brookfield added, "And less and less like him every night." This is, perhaps, one of the best out of the bale composed mainly of such pleasantries and called "Myself Not Least" (Holt), the reminiscences of an amiable blatherskite who signs himself merely "X," and who has apparently mixed in with about every one in Europe that anybody ever heard of during the past thirty years or so. He seems to have hobnobbed with equal gusto with ministers of state and with ministers of the gospel and with numerous ones who were reduced to seeking the ministrations of friends in public houses. Brookfield, again, remarked to "old George Grossmith," "My dear George, I never realized what a gentleman you were until I met your brother Weedon." The book would have been twice as amusing as it is if it had been half as long.

FEMINISM nowadays is being gone after by literature like anything. Among the novelists, there just the other day was Mr. Hutchinson, and now here is Charles G. Norris (no less) with "Bread" (Dutton), a story apparently designed to drive into something like hydrophobia the membership of the Lucy Stone League. The book, as a dire picture of the unnatural adventure of a young woman taking to a job, would have been a thriller about 1890. Its style is the perfection of bromidianism.

In a book for the highly sophisticated palate, "Roman Pictures," by Percy Lubbock (Scribner), the author employs an ingenious, delicately humorous, back-handed approach to the spirit of eternal beauty—from the oblique perspective of a motley, racy fringe of Roman society. In "The Winding Stair," by A. E. W. Mason (Doran), the people have such names as Paul Ravenel, Phyllis Vanderfelt, Gerard de Montignac, Madame Delagrang, Ollivier Praslin and Si El Hadj Arrifa. They would have. It's a romance of the old school, just as though there had never been any psychoanalysis or anything since the days of Mr. Hawkins, otherwise known as Anthony Hope.

R. C. H.



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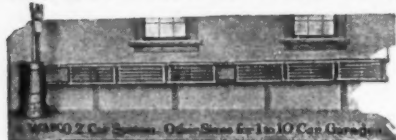
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Prepare now and drive in comfort all winter.

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GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM
READY-TO-SET-UP

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 10)

statement has grown upon her shockingly. Such a lack of consideration is tolerable, if ever, only in Dr. Johnsons and Oscar Wildes, and I should like to say so to Kate, who rarely vouchsafes anything more pregnant than what she has ordered for dinner and the cost of her newest costume....Packed Samuel's bags against his departure for Chicago, and somewhat tried by his customary inquiry as to a washrag. He knows well that I would put one in even if he were off to visit the Stotesburys.... Reading all the afternoon in Robert Lowrie's "Primitive Society," finding therein many points after which the civilized world would do well to pattern. Lord! the heathen in his blindness may bow down to wood and stone, but he hath strict laws against holding converse with certain of his relatives, amongst them his mother-in-law.

Baird Leonard.

WHAT every boy knows: The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-six years. In that time it has expended \$221,827.60 and has given a fortnight in the country to 44,325 poor city children.

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Proceeds of a fair given at the home of Mrs. H. B. Legg, Fishers Island, N. Y., organized by the Misses Marjorie Jones, Elizabeth Oatman, Peggy Adams, Louise Daurenter and Dorothy Legg	202.65

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Misers

I WILL make you gay songs,
Rhymed with slender art;
But how if you should ask for
The music of my heart?
And you may squander kisses,
For they are easy toll;
But would you ever fling me
The silver of your soul?

P. G.

ALL pay and no work makes Jack a labor leader.



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